

THE MORNING APPEAL.

The Official Paper of Ormsby County
FRIDAY MARCH 29

ALL SORTS.

Bob Keating was in town yesterday. Silver is 68 1/2, the highest notch for months. The Britannia won the yacht race yesterday. Isadore Stein who used to run the Arlington is in the city. Oliver Tennant has been appointed School Census Marshall. Thirteen car loads of cattle were shipped from here yesterday. The Monterey has been ordered to Peru to protect American interests. Half the village of Canaseraga, N. Y., was burned yesterday. The loss amounts to \$100,000. Two desperadoes were killed at Fort Worth, Texas, yesterday, for whose capture a heavy reward had been offered. Mr. Beebe, the new Superintendent of the Orphan's Home is in this city. He will take charge on the 1st of the month. Several of the military companies of the State will disband because of the fact that there is no appropriation for Armory rent. The faculty of Harvard University have decided that no more football games shall be indulged in by the scholars of that institution. In the suit of Wasserman vs. the Alaska Seal Company, it turns out that the dividends were \$800 a year in cash and \$100 worth of stock. At the prices charged for the skins, it is a wonder that the dividends were so small. The new flouring mill at Levelock started up Wednesday. C. B. Kinball, an old citizen of Esmeralda county, and well known throughout the State, died at Hawthorne on Sunday last. He leaves an estate valued at \$5,000. The Standard Co's mill started up on electricity this week. The stoppage Saturday was caused by the snow which washed down the creek and filled the pipe. It was supposed that the creek was dammed up for a few miles up the stream.—Minor.

Some of the faro games in this city have been badly crippled recently by Chinese players. When the Mongol once get a streak of luck, he presses a game "up to the limit sure." The Chinese have felt the tiger's claws a good deal during the winter, and now they are jumping all over the striped beast.

Maggie Russell, the woman who shot and killed her husband, an expressman named Thomas Russell, one morning in November last, is on trial for murder before Judge Belcher and a jury. She claims to have done it in self defense, as she proved that he had been extremely brutal on numerous occasions.

Syble Anderson is an illustration of the dangers of over advertising. She was heralded as Queen of the operatic stage, and lovers of good music crowded the theatres to see her marvelous figure and face and hear her wonderful voice. The shape and face was there, but the voice was gone. She now learns that a voice is an essential to success in Opera. By playing "Stalacta" in the Black Crook, she would still make a hit.

A Chance For Everybody.

The Examiner publishes in big letters on its title page at each end of the title.

Little pants for lively lads advertised for sale cheap in the Examiner. Slate-writing mediums and dark seances. See Examiner want ads.

It should add. To find out where Rose, Maud, Clara, Pearl and the rest of the girls are doing business, read our message columns on the 8th page.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup, has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick,
We gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child,
She cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss,
She clung to Castoria.
When she had Children,
She gave them Castoria.

EUREKA CORRESPONDENCE.

AN ATTEMPT MADE TO FEATURE MR. ALLEN.

WREN GOES FOR THE RAILROAD, AND BREEN GOES FOR SADLER.

Eureka, Nev., March 24, 1895.
EDITOR MORNING APPEAL:—To-day being Sunday and having no office work to do, I know of no more pleasant way of spending an hour, then by penning you a few lines and telling you about the gay times we had yesterday and last evening. It was all occasioned by the arrival of Hon. C. E. Allen.

Yesterday afternoon a barouche was sent down to the train to meet the distinguished Assemblyman, C. E. Allen, and the following noted people were also there to do homage to him, who wouldn't take a pass from the railroad company unless they also paid his (Allen's) hotel bill during his stay in Carson. As the railroad company refused to pay the aforesaid hotel bill, Mr. Allen had the pleasure of putting up for his fare. At least we have the gentleman's word for it. I came near forgetting to give the names of the persons who were present when the train rolled in. They were: Frank McNamey, the barber who would like awfully well to be a lawyer, but who with the assistance of Rives and Bartlett, couldn't get a case into the Justice Court; Jim Ford, who thinks that the new sheep law is an outrage, Rives who thought he had a dead cinch on Judge Fitzgerald last August at the primaries, Uncle "Tom" Wren who has taken the contract to purify politics in Nevada, and I have been informed by some people who were close enough to see them, that Bray (who thought that he ought to get \$50 a month for his services as County Commissioner since Fraser and Fletcher deposed him from the Chairmanship of that body) and Geo. Bartlett (who would liked to have succeeded Breen for District Attorney) were also present.

Mr. Allen's entree reminded one of a Chinese funeral. In the evening we had bonfires, anvils and public speaking. If Eureka ever saw a political farce it took place last night. Flags and China lanterns were floating in front of Kind's store where the speaking was to take place. Mr. Wren opened the game by telling the people about how the railroad collar had been placed on the necks of members of our Legislature, but that no collar had been placed on Mr. Allen's neck. At this remark some of the boys who had been paid to do the cheering, did so, but as they couldn't see the point, they didn't show much enthusiasm. Mr. Wren went on to say some other nice things about Allen, but as they didn't seem to take well, he thought he would let Allen do his own blowing, and so he introduced him.

It being rather dark on the platform, the crowd didn't see Allen, and so the hero of the evening lost what applause was due him on being presented. Mr. Allen said something about the collar (everybody thinks he had reference to the railroad collar) not being put on him, but said nothing about the hotel proposition. He said he had talked for seven weeks and was tired of it, but could let his record talk. (We presume his record is a phonograph.) He also said Mr. Sadler would speak of his (Allen's) record and so Mr. Sadler was called upon when Allen sat down. Mr. Sadler got up (with the assistance of some friends) and said he had left the Silver party, and Pete Breen (who Bartlett tried to beat for the office of Dist. Atty.) asked him from the crowd if he was a Republican, but Sadler wouldn't say and tried to evade the question. Breen again called upon him to answer, but again Sadler evaded, answering the question, by sitting down, much to the delight of all present.

On Mr. Sadler's resuming his seat, the crowd called for Breen and some one on the platform was also heard to say: "Now come forward Mr. Breen—Sah, and tell us about the Silver party Legislature—Sah." No one could tell who was doing this talking some say it was "Hunk the butcher," and others claimed it was that fellow Rives. The latter were right, and what caused the uncertainty was that Rives was so full of enthusiasm? that he couldn't talk plain. Of course Mr. Breen made a talk from the street and this is what he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you for the invitation that you have so kindly tendered me this evening to address you on the subject of the late Legislature, but I must say that considering the fact that a man who has been elected by the Silver party of Nevada, to the second highest position with in the gift of the people of Nevada, has proven himself recreant to the trusts placed in him, and I therefore decline to stand on the same platform where Reinhold Sadler, the traitor stands." There were deafening cheers for

Breen, and hisses for Sadler. Mr. Breen saw there would be a free fight if the game lasted much longer and so he backed the cards out of the box, and said, "we adjourn for the night." Before so doing he said that everybody ought to take off their hats and wave them, and at the same time give three cheers for Allen. The response would indicate that every man had a cold and a bad one at that, and that no one owned a hat. It was a dismal failure and Mr. Allen, as well as those who paid for the wood and powder must have felt as though they had very recently made a poor investment. And so the meeting adjourned much to the satisfaction of Allen and those who got it up, but those on the outside, who like fun were sorry the circus should close so soon.

Yours, A—

Made Himself at Home.

Last winter during the severe storms a snow bird took refuge under the roof of the porch of the writer's house. The children fed him canary seed, and after sampling the grub, he hopped through the door and took up his abode in the house. He soon became a regular member of the family and became so tame that he would frequently hop up on the table at meal time, or alight on a child's head. On several occasions he flew out of the open door, but whenever the weather got cold he would fly back under the porch again and indicate that he wanted to come in by the fire. After warming himself by the stove, he would then hunt around the kitchen for grub.

A few days ago he sneaked out of the house and made a bee line for the north. He had a red thread about his leg, and his return will be watched for next winter.

Golden Fruit.

There is a man in Salt Lake, who claims to have discovered a vegetable compound that "ripens" gold ore. According to his theory, ore is ripened through the juices of the vegetation which grows above it. The rock may contain many thousands of dollars worth of gold, but until it is ripened by coming in contact with the vegetable juices, it is not discovered by assays or otherwise. According to this genius, by treating gold rock with this solution the bearing capacity is increased at a ratio of about 18,000 to one. Ore that goes only a trace, after being subjected to this treatment will mill \$17,000 or \$18,000 per ton. If this theory proves tangible, gold will be demonetized, sure.—Mojave Miner.

Stanford's Retort.

Once Senator Stanford was traveling through California in his private car. The train had stopped at a small town, and the Senator was leisurely strolling back and forth on the platform at the depot. A baggage man was unloading trunks and in so doing carelessly pitched one onto the platform, and it burst open. The Senator looked at it and remarked, "Well, that's a shame." The baggage man impudently asked, "Do you own this trunk?" The answer came quickly, "No young man, but I own this road."—Horseman.

Nearing the End.

Yesterday U. S. District Attorney Jones was called into the Mint. He declined to state what his business there was, but it is supposed that the investigation of the shortage had run some one to cover, and that he was called in to prepare an indictment or to give legal advice how to proceed in the matter. Mr. Mason declined to talk about the matter, but said, "There has been foul work done here. There is no mistake about it."

Railway Magnate (becoming suddenly aware of shabby caller)—My good woman, I am too busy now to listen to any appeals for charity. If you need anything my clerk in the outer office will be glad to give you any assistance.

Mrs. Hetty Green—If you still want to sell that Haw Valley branch of the X. Y. and Z. railway I'll give you \$3,750,000 for it.—Philadelphia Press.

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H828. Nottingham Lace Curtains, 40 in. wide, 3 yards long; pretty patterns and special value at 69c pair; postage, 16c.

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